



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 6.

### POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### ARTHUR OF AVOCA,

OR THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

What do you tremble?—are you all afraid!  
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

SHAKESPEARE.

To those who do not only disbelieve in the existence of super-natural beings, but even sneer at the idea, the following matter of fact is submitted without comment.

A fine evening in the month of September, when the fields were yielding up their full ripe crops, and earth stood clothed in perfected nature's golden robes, and birds began to warble their farewell ditties, Arthur with his wife stood in the door of their cottage, while their little child, a boy of four years old, sported on the green in front of the house. It was one of those evenings that so much excel the fanciful colourings of boyhood's earliest years; when the eye from the moon's reflected rays might range from object to object till the mind might almost lose its grasp on existence and soar away amid the regions of immortality, far beyond the reach of time's unceasing casualties. It was here as I have said that the father, standing surrounded by all that he in the buoyancy of his hopes could desire, gazed with that delight known only to an anxious and tender parent, upon his little son just beginning in the simplicity of his years to ape manhood's more experienced acts. The father's eye melted into softness, as he thought of days yet behind the curtain of futurity, and saw in him another like himself, grown up to manhood's years and manhood's pride—doating upon one whom he almost idolized, the mother of his only child. The boy caught his eye, and hanging his head with a glance that seemed to say, 'father I read your thought,' he ran away. Half abashed, Arthur turned to his wife—a simultaneous movement—exchanged looks—embarrassment—no not that—each too deeply felt, what

was passing in the other's mind to know or feel embarrassment; and again they followed with their eyes, the meanderings and sports of their offspring. Seldom has the hand of fancy portrayed, or the imagination painted a scene so pure, so innocent, so happy, and comprising three characters so free from all the cares and sorrows of this world. The sun of plenty had dawned upon their earliest childhood; happiness, competence and contentment had continued to strew the ripening pathway of age, with their balmy fragrance; death had never thrust its obtrusive head within their door, nor had pale disease entered their peaceful dwelling. Scarcely had they an opportunity to think or know, and certainly not to feel, that mankind are but creatures of a day. A continual succession of every comfort that could tend to sweeten life and render this earth transcendantly an abiding place of happiness without its alloys, had ever been theirs. Such was the state of Arthur's family at the commencement of the evening just mentioned. But oh, the mighty changes which a few short hours sometimes make in the condition of mortals!

I acknowledge I am strongly tempted to arrange these few lines into an essay, and launch out in praise of that domestic felicity to which I must confess myself extremely partial instead of pursuing the painful description; but the 'truth must out.'

Evening was just closing in the fading sunbeams' last glow, upon the heights of the adjacent mountains, as they slowly, and as it seemed reluctantly receded up their sides; growing fainter and fainter they bid adieu to earth, while dark portentous clouds suddenly plunged animated nature from the brightest and loveliest of sun setting scenery into the depths of tenfold midnight darkness. The winds as if let loose from 'the caves in the mountains' came rolling down through the vale; like vast avelanches, crushing and overwhelming every thing in its course; the waters which but a moment before flowed so lovely and so placid, heaved their white swells

in defiance, to the raging winds, chasing and mounting upon each other in maddening surges, and the torrent falling rain, followed by the lightning's red glare with its attendant peal after peal of quaking thunder, lent their combined aid to render the scene doubly gloomy. As the family were seated around the comfortable room, engaged in their evening devotion, a faint rap was heard at the door, accompanied with a request for admission. Ever alive to the distress of the unfortunate, the sufferer needed not to repeat the request. Admission was readily granted, and though the appearance of the stranger, who was clad in attire of no ordinary kind, bespoke her of the better class; yet her story of having been beguiled into the forest by the beauties of the scenery, till the approaching storm warned her of the danger, while the density of the darkness prevented her finding her way out, heightened if possible their sympathies. Refreshments, the best the house could afford, were immediately prepared and set before her, while she gained upon their good feelings by fondling their little son. They seemed mutually pleased with each other. In vain might the tempest rage, 'the maddening surges lash the shore in vain;' happiness blended or rather strengthened and made of that, which alone can give perfection and permanence to earthly felicity, had taken its wonted seat with this little family. The stranger too, seemed to enter with a lively feeling into their enjoyments and even into the source of that enjoyment, which sat bright as the rainbow's loveliest tints upon their countenances. The youthful vivacity of little William, as he clambered upon the stranger's lap and hung fondly from her neck, was kindly, nay most benignly repaid by her folding her delicate arms around him with a true strain of affection as she kissed away the glossy hair that curled in rich profusion round his fair forehead. But then, when this little group were assuming as it were the very garb of heaven, when every baser feeling was swallowed up in more than earthly felicity; she, who seemed the guardian angel which providence had sent to guide them to the very throne of earthly happiness, drew from her bosom a concealed dagger and plunged it to his heart; with a yell ten times more hideous than the savage barbarian exulting o'er his fallen victim, dashed him from her weltering in his blood. Dark sulphureous clouds hovered around emitting partial gleams of darting flame and encircled that bright form which but a moment before shed happiness and peace around her. The clouds were dispelled—there stood the father in the agony of his soul a petrified monument of surprise, fear and overwhelming grief. And here the mother, bending over the body of her dear, dear gasping boy, her hair wildly flowing upon her heaving bosom and wringing her hands towards heaven, seemingly to invoke the aid of an Adored Preserver.

The stranger with a laugh of wild exultation seized the burning coals and scattered them around the room—then changing into a thousand forms, midst flames and smoke, she vanished from their sight. The fire caught and spread rapidly; still the inmates moved not. In a few moments nothing was heard save the cracking fire, which had already enveloped the cottage, sending up in one broad sheet a stream of living flame, mingling with the raging elements. Still not a being moved, not a voice was heard.—Chaotic ruin heaped its furies pile on pile. At length the falling roof, the crashing timbers, told the sad tale, that all was finished. The flames sank down; the raging elements retired with quiet murmurings to their peaceful beds—not a sound was heard either in sky, earth or sea to break the sacredness of that hour—not a single breeze to raise the drooping leaves;—but alone upon the hill of extinguished ruins, stood a form as silent and as motionless as the scene that surrounded him. I approached, it was Arthur. Before him lay the whitened bones of all on earth that was dear to him; his beloved and adored wife and child, on which his eye rested with an intensity that bordered on insanity. 'Alone!'—he cried, then rushing by me as if borne upon the wings of the wind was soon, alas! too soon, buried in the shades of the forest.

Days months and years rolled on—the rapid hand of improvement had half effaced the beauties of the once enchanting vale of Avoca, still no traces of Arthur could be found; till one morning, as the sun was just shooting up its golden rays o'er the tops of the surrounding mountains, a stranger was seen pacing to and fro, in front of the splendid mansion erected on the spot where once stood the cottage of the almost forgotten Arthur; on the front of which, was set in letters of projecting marble the following line:—'Erected to the memory of mysteriously injured innocence.' His eye caught the inscription—pointing to the earth, and then slowly raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he sunk upon his knees.—His lips moved, yet not a sound, not a whisper escaped.—Alone!—at length, as if struck from a thousand strings, came rumbling forth from the depths of his inmost soul, and falling back—he expired. It was ARTHUR OF AVOCA.

ANNEITE.

NOTE.—The above manuscript was found in an old mansion lately torn down, supposed to have been the one referred to in the last, few foregoing lines.—RECORDED OF —

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMULET.

#### THE DUELLISTS.

"Is this a beaten track?—Ne'er beat enough  
'Till enough learnt the truths it should inspire."

YOUNG.

As I have no desire to write a very long tale, I shall introduce my readers at once to those who are to be its 'heroes,' to use the wonted phrase of tale-writers. The first, I



shall conceal rather than reveal, under the name of Belcour. He was a military officer. In the field he had acquired the character of skilful and brave; and in the circles of peaceful society, that of intelligent and good. His heart was indeed one of those which continually need 'something to be kind to,' and he had surrounded himself with a little circle of love, that afforded him the opportunity of gratifying this amiable propensity of nature. Belcour married whilst yet very young, and at a time when his duty to his country allowed him but a brief enjoyment of the society of his youthful and affectionate bride. Ere the first sweet moon from the bridal hour had waned, the fierce voice of war summoned him to the field, and he was forced to leave the charms of love and home, for the hardships and dangers of the camp. His own deprivations, however, were wholly forgotten in his sympathy for her, whom he was obliged to leave in solitude and sorrow, to weep and tremble, and pray for her soldier-husband. And she did pray for him, earnestly and unceasingly; and at the end of the campaign, the object of her prayer returned to her in health and safety. Years of domestic happiness passed on, and at the time to which my tale refers, Belcour was not only a very happy husband, but a happy father of three children. I would say that his wife and children were beautiful; but I fear it would appear as though, with the host of 'pretty story writers,' I wished to account for a husband's and a father's love, on the score of 'auburn hair, and blue eyes.'

I have informed my readers, that Belcour was intelligent. He was so, far beyond what those whose lives had been passed in the army, generally are; for he was not merely *professionally* intelligent. It had indeed been deemed a fair matter of impeachment to his character as to intelligence, by some of the military philosophers of the mess-room, that he was not only a believer in the existence of a Supreme Being, but in Revelation likewise; with this exception, however, his opinion was as highly estimated by his brother officers, as his kindness and urbanity were universally felt and beloved.

From this brief sketch of the character of Belcour, I must pass to one still more brief, of Carew, an officer in the same regiment. He had shared with Belcour the hazards of more than one campaign, and like him, had escaped unhurt. Carew was what is termed, a modern epicurean; that is, one who seeks pleasure, wherever he *thinks* it is to be found, though by paths which virtue has proscribed; and resolves on enjoyment, let who will pay the cost. Such was his *practice*, and though he did not actually *profess* libertinism, he was but little concerned or ashamed when charged with it.

Belcour and Carew, since the conclusion of the war, had associated together, only so far

as circumstances rendered necessary, when their regiment was on duty, at the mess-room; for although by the regulations of the regiment, every officer was obliged to contribute to that establishment, Belcour was but seldom there, having a family and a home.

The habits and characters of the two officers were, indeed, so opposite, that closer intimacy was neither possible, nor desirable. Whilst Carew looked with secret contempt on Belcour's life of domestic seclusion, likening it in his own mind to the winter-sleep of the dormouse—Belcour saw in Carew, with pity and regret, a man who was wasting one portion of his time, and abusing the other; spending his life betwixt the idleness of folly, and the activity of guilt; foregoing all the joys of the heart, for those of the eye, and missing a thousand opportunities of doing good, in a restless pursuit of evil. Two beings more antithetical than Belcour and Carew, could not well be conceived; but if this prevented their being on terms of intimacy and friendship, it did not preclude those of gentlemanly behaviour and civility towards each other, till a circumstance, as strange as it was unfortunate, destroyed this good understanding.

It is pretty well known, I believe, that there is a wide difference betwixt the laws of humanity—(not to mention the laws of God,) and what are called 'the laws of honour.' Carew's conduct was wholly regulated by the latter. He held in small esteem that sacred maxim of doing as he would be done by, and (to hasten over a shameful truth,) he had sacrificed at the shrine of selfishness and guilt, the peace and innocence of a young and unsuspecting creature, who had relied on promises, which in such cases a man of honour may make, and violate, without any infraction of its noble laws.

To avoid *inconveniences*, Carew had assumed a fictitious name and character, in the prosecution of his villany; and the better to enable him, when he thought adviseable, to make his retreat. This he had done; satisfying his conscience that his purse had made the wronged girl and her parents, who were poor, (alas! *now*, 'poor indeed,') ample amends—for this is according to the laws of honour. To his utter astonishment, however, a broken-hearted, grey-headed old man, met him one morning, as he came from the mess-room. It was the father of his victim.—Carew presuming that in his military garb the old man might not be certain of his identity affected at first to treat the matter as a mistake; but the old man with a trembling hand produced from his pocket an anonymous letter which had been sent to him, informing him that Compton the seducer, and Lieutenant Carew, were one and the same. What, think you, were the feelings of the exposed deceiver?—Shame, remorse, confusion, perhaps you imagine. Oh, no! the laws of honour prescribe no such thing. He had his feelings

as he perused that letter; but they were those of revenge against Belcour, who, he was certain, from the hand writing, had betrayed him—had written that letter. As it would have been no longer honourable to deny or evade the truth, he confessed himself to be the party implicated in the ‘unfortunate affair;’ but reminded the old man that he had acted *liberally*, and assured him that he should continue to do so, at the same time pulling out, and offering him his purse!

The poor old man for a moment forgot a father’s grief in a man’s indignation.—The tears which had been silently, yet abundantly rolling down the time-worn channels of his face, ceased to flow, and his eyes were lit up with the fire of rage and hatred. He lifted his feeble arm, but his feelings had overwrought his bodily powers, and he fell to the ground before he could strike the blow he meditated. As Carew looked upon the wretched old man, with his silver locks, and sorrowing heart, lying prostrate there on the ground before him—he felt a momentary pang; and had he trusted his eyes much longer on that melancholy object, he might have felt all that a man—not a man of honour—should feel; but he had his own *wrongs* to right; and calling to some privates who stood near, to ‘take care of the old man,’ he hastened back into the mess-room in search of Belcour, who, (he believed,) by his unjustifiable and treacherous interference, had put him to all this *inconvenience*.

I cannot, however, pass from this brief and melancholy episode, which it was necessary, for the proper understanding of my tale, to introduce, without informing my readers of the issue. It pleased God in a short time to remedy all the ill which man had done; the hour which was the consummation of shame, was the hour of relief from both shame and sorrow to that old man’s child; and amid his grief for her loss, he thanked God for taking her from a world which must thence forward have been to her a world of misery; and when the day of the funeral came, and he followed her corpse to the grave-yard, it was observed by every one, that an expression of placid serenity appeared in the old man’s countenance, such as he ever wore before his child’s disgrace.—When the mournful ceremony was over the old man stood gazing into the grave, till they began to fill it up. ‘You need not close up the grave yet, my friends,’ he said. He cast one look towards his little cottage that was seen in the distance, his eyes again filled with tears. He lifted them up to heaven, and his lips moved, as though in silent prayer; a pallid smile came over his features; and he fell down, a corpse, by the side of his daughter’s grave.

To return to our first narrative:—It was in vain Belcour assured the enraged Carew that he was not the writer of the letter produced by the old man, neither knew any thing of the matter. Carew persisted in asserting

his belief, that he *was* the author of it, till, under some degree of irritation, Belcour repeated his denial, with the remark, ‘that from what he could learn from the contents of that letter, he ought, as a man of humanity, to be more concerned as to its truth than its author.’

The matter soon assumed the shape of a quarrel, and Carew, after stigmatizing Belcour as ‘an officious canting hypocrite,’ called him, a liar, and a coward, and left the room. Innocent as Belcour felt himself, and undeserving of both appellations, he knew that to avoid fixing the last indelibly on his character, he must meet his accuser—according to the laws of honour. But his wife! his children! For their sake his heart *did* quail at that thought, and he felt that honour was neither justice nor humanity.

When Belcour reached his home, his wife and children were enjoying the beauty of the summer eve in the garden. He entered the house unperceived and sought the little room which he had appropriated as a study. It was adorned by a small, but choice selection of volumes, in plain bindings of which I shall only notice that amongst them were many religious and philosophical works. ‘What can a soldier want with such works as these?’ enquired a friend, one day, with an air of levity. ‘I am a man, as well as a soldier,’ said Belcour seriously. The walls of the room were hung with a few beautiful paintings, and several miniatures of ‘friends beloved.’ Much, perhaps, may be said against the introduction of pictorial representation into the temples of our God; but I know of no objection to the presence of such in the temple of friendship; and I can conceive no greater benefit which the pictorial art can bestow on man, than thus to surround him with those he loves. The absent, the dead, as we gaze on the faithful delineations of the artist around us, seem present and restored to our bosoms.

The opened window of the room in which Belcour sat, not only looked into the garden, but reaching to the floor, afforded an entrance into it. At the farther end, though unseen himself, Belcour saw his children, sporting in all the joyousness of infancy.

He took up his pen to write—a challenge! but his brain was distracted, and his hand refused its office. He rose from his seat, and drawing the curtains of the windows, once more attempted to write, when a shout of gladness, and the sound of a light approaching foot, paralyzed his hand, and suspended his mental powers. The next moment, a little intruder, it was his *petit* Lucy, had drawn aside the curtains. Seeing her father there, she uttered an exclamation of joy, and had ran half across the room, with extended arms, to his embrace, when she recollected that her mamma, and her sister and brother, did not know the good news—that ‘papa had come home;’ and she turned suddenly back, and with eager haste, sought the garden. And then the air rang



with infantine shouts of gladness; and the quick sounds of half a dozen fairy feet were heard, running a race of love, whose prize was to be a father's first kiss. Which was first or which was last, it was scarcely possible to say, for they seemed to settle on him simultaneously like so many bees.

'How long have you been at home, my dear Edwin,' inquired Mrs. Belcour, as she entered the room in tones of surprise, 'and why might we not have your company in the garden this afternoon?'

Belcour excused himself for his unwonted conduct, on the score of particular business; adding, that he should be obliged to pass that evening in privacy with his friend Col. Drummond, whom he expected shortly. However unwelcome the intelligence to those who heard it, it occasioned sorrow only; and met with resigned acquiescence.

The wretched man was once more left to his own distracting thoughts. Some while he would resolve not to send a challenge; that he would disregard, defy the voice of man, and listen alone to that of feeling and of God; but again and again, faltered in his resolution. The loud voice of shame rung in his ears, and the look of scorn stared him in the face. How should he bear these and live? Whilst thus wavering as to his own conduct upon the matter, a letter was bro't in.—It was a challenge from Carew on the plea of 'ungentlemanly and treacherous conduct.'

'Malignant man!' exclaimed Belcour as he paced the room with an agitated step; 'He has not a wife whom he loves—he has not the feelings of a parent—Oh! surely, surely could he see—, and he *shall* know—he *shall* see—how fair a scene his hand is about to desolate.'

At the time of the quarrel in the mess-room Belcour foreseeing its possible termination, had begged of his friend, Colonel Drummond, to call on him that evening. He came and Belcour showed him the challenge. 'I must accept it,' said Belcour,—'but he shall know that he seeks the blood of a parent and a husband. I will only agree to meet him on the condition that he shall breakfast in this house, before we proceed to the ground.'

Strange as Drummond thought the request of his friend, he did not oppose it; and when this conditional acceptance of the challenge was communicated to Carew, he confessed himself willing to comply with 'the somewhat extraordinary wish.' In fact, he thought it resulted from a wish, on the part of Belcour, to bring about an amicable arrangement, to which, in his own mind, he had determined not to accede.

The appointed morning came, and Carew, with a friend, who was to act as his second,—both of them armed in all the stoical apathy of honour, kept the appointment at Belcour's house, from which they were to proceed to the ground. The strangers, as such they were, except by name, to Mrs. B. were severally introduced to her in the breakfast parlour—and

met with that kind, warm, welcome, which an affectionate wife must always give to her husband's friends. But as Carew lightly pressed her proffered hand, a chill of horror seemed to shoot through his veins, back to his very heart. 'Another hour perhaps' he thought, 'and what may you, may your husband—what may I be then?' The touch of that hand, if it had not awoken his conscience, had disturbed it, and made it restless in its slumbers.

During the repast, Carew grew more and more uneasy. Every fresh little display of hospitable kindness, on the part of Mrs. Belcour, seemed like a dagger piercing his heart, and roused still more the monitor within. A strange feeling, in truth, seemed to have seized on all present.

'You have seen but part of my possessions yet gentlemen; I am a rich man I assure you,' said Belcour, with assumed composure, as soon as the breakfast was ended; he rang the bell, upon which his three children, the eldest a boy, about six years of age, the other two were girls, much younger,—entered the parlour. The frank and noble bearing of the boy, and the air of diffidence and gentleness in the little girls, could not fail to excite the admiration of every one. Carew beheld them with feelings of added and deeper horror. He strove in vain to raise himself into stoicism; when conscience is once thoroughly awakened, after a long sleep of years, it is no easy matter to hush it again to repose. The little boy had given his hand with friendly and pleasing confidence to the strangers, and now offered it to Carew; but he shrunk from it and said wildly, 'No! not to me my child!'

Mrs. Belcour looked with concern and surprise at Carew, and then at her husband, but his eyes were averted from her gaze, and his lips offered no explanation. Belcour sat for some time in a deep reverie—then rose and walked towards the window, perhaps to conceal the falling tear, or to conceal the last struggle of affection; but immediately turned round, saying with calmness, 'Now gentlemen for our excursion.'

They rose from their seats.

'Our good friends return with you, Edwin, to dinner, I hope,' said Mrs. Belcour.

But to her astonishment, no answer was returned to her question.—Belcour had walked to the farther end of the room, and was embracing his children, (though to prevent suspicion, he had resolved not to do so,) perhaps for the last time.—Carew, in a state of agitation, which every moment grew worse was obliged to support himself on the arm of the second, who was scarcely less affected than himself. But I will close my tale, and tell my readers the result of this struggle betwixt humanity and Honour.

Once more the friendly hand of Mrs. Belcour, was extended to her departing guest—to Carew; and he could no longer endure or conceal his feelings.

•Madam,' said the conscience stricken man, 'you are grasping the hand, that in another hour might have left you a widow—those children fatherless! Oh will you, can you forgive the intention of the crime, whose completion you have prevented. God be thanked; I am not—I will not be a murderer.—You have saved your husband—saved me from death, or from remorse worse than ten thousand deaths.'

I shall now imitate the painter of old; drop the veil, and leave my readers to imagine a scene, to which my pen is unequal. W.

### THE TRAVELLER.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

The city of Canton lies so low, that from no point to which foreigners can penetrate is there an extensive view of it. The river is wide above the Boca Tiger. The water swarms with boats of every size. There may be twenty of those immense junks of 1,200 tons, but there are countless fleets of boats of fifty tons; families occupy them, whose home is on the water, and who, in half of a life have seldom slept on *terra firma*. There is a huge long oar run out from the stern, moveable on a pin, and a boat is sculled by four or five sailors. The oar strikes the water like a fish's tail—The smaller streams and creeks are populous in the same proportion. The streets are as busy as an ant hill invaded; and, when seen for the first time, it is a ludicrous sight to see so many close shaven heads without a covering. You look down upon them as a closely packed audience at a theatre. I have sometimes seen one Chinese running away from another, and it is too much to see with gravity, for their tails were streaming out horizontally a yard and a half. The Chinese form their written characters very nicely. They write with a hair pencil, in lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand corner of the page. This is peculiar to China and Japan. In all memorials to Mandarins, but more especially to the emperor, the greatest nicety is required, both in expression and characters. There are particular words appropriated to different ranks, and no word must occur twice in the same memorial. To write a proper memorial in China, is as difficult as to draw a special plea in more favored countries. But a good penman in China will write with wonderful rapidity.—They seem to write as fast as they can think. Would, sir, that I could do it, you would have better "recollections," for when I happen to have a good thought it escapes before I can get it out. In a country where so many thousand families live on the rivers, many must subsist on fish, which are provisionally abundant. In China every animal must work, unless, as in England, the hog is the only gentleman. Cormorants, therefore are employed in the river fisheries. The birds are trained to it with care, and lest they should swallow a good fish, a leather thong is

tied about his neck, so that he cannot swallow. One fisherman goes out with a dozen birds, which you may see perched on the gunwale of his boat. When one takes a fish too large for its strength, another comes to his assistance, lifting the prey by the tail and the gills, they carry it to the master. Some of the cormorants, like men, have a sense of honesty, and require no bandage about the neck; but having finished their employer's business, he allows them to fish on their own account. Ducks also are used, as in Linconshire, for decoys; but a very common method to catch the fowl is this: In the bays and rivers where they are to be found, the sportsmen throw in a large kind of gourd, which the ducks get so familiar with that they will swim and play around them. Then comes the traitor, with his head inclosed in a similar gourd, and a bag tied about his middle, in which he carries off as many as he requires, for the fowl are numerous. The Chinese have a passion for flowers, and there are flower-sellers in every part of the streets. They have also a taste for cultivating dwarf trees, and on their terraces you may see pines, oaks, and oranges, not so high as your knee. To give some of these trees the appearance of great age, honey is spread over them to attract the insects, that they may bore into the bark. To increase the delusion they kill a few branches and cover them with moss. Their rage, however, is for the peony, which they call the king of flowers, and for a favorite plant they will give a hundred dollars. There are about two hundred and fifty species of this flower in China.—They are cultivated in large beds, and reared in all forms, and so managed as to blossom in the spring, summer and autumn. The Chinese flowers have generally nothing to recommend them but their beauty.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### IRISH TRAVELLING.

An Irishman who slept lately at the Lion Inn, in Wolverhampton, was going by one of the morning coaches to —, but by mistake getting into the Shrewsbury coach after he had dined, which was standing by that he had just quitted, was brought back to the same inn in the evening. He frequently remarked on the road, how much the country resembled that he had passed through in the morning; but when introduced into the same room where he breakfasted in which there was a handsome print of the projected iron bridge over the Thames, he broke out in the following exclamation. 'O! and to be sure, now I never saw but one picture before of that beautiful bridge, and that was where I slept last night, and to be sure the room was very much like this, and the paper, by my soul, was the very same pattern; and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should have sworn it was the same. (Enter Waiter.) Arrah, Mr. Waiter, and yoz



are very much like the other waiter too: have not you a brother now, in the same capacity as yourself, that lives at that comical place, Wolverhampton?' 'Sir, this is Wolverhampton; you slept here last night.' 'O! by the powers, and I thought this must be the same place. By St. Patrick, now, but it must be confoundedly round about to go through one town twice; but perhaps it is a better road; so Mr. Waiter, please to let me know when this same coach is ready for I want to get to my journey's end!'

**African Wit.**—I had purchased a young ostrich of a Tuarick, who had brought it from the desert, shortly after our arrival at Kano, and the animal soon became so tame that it would follow me like a dog. In two months after I had it in possession, it grew amazingly, and I was in hopes of bringing it to England with me; but an envious Arab in the city, whose inveterate dislike to every thing belonging to the christians he took no pains to conceal, cut off its head, and artfully attributed it to accident. Meeting the fellow in the street a short time afterwards, I labored his sides so effectually with a stout stick which I held in my hand that he ran off bellowing with a complaint to the Governor, who, after listening patiently to his story, observed with a very significant look, that he was quite sure the drubbing he had received must have been inflicted by accident, and dismissed the malicious Arab without granting the redress he sought.

**Anecdote of Patrick Lyon.**—Being sent for to open an iron chest, made by himself, lock and all, whose owner had lost the key, Pat dexterously performed the operation, and holding the lid with one hand, presented the other with a demand for ten dollars. It was refused. Pat let fall the lid, the spring took its former hold, and the blacksmith walked off, leaving the treasure as fast sealed as before. There was no remedy, and reluctantly the owner of the strong box again sent for Pat. He promptly appeared and the box as quickly opened. The first demand of ten dollars was instantly offered but no—I must have twenty now, says the operator; and twenty was paid without demur, for the lid and the lock were still in the hand of the maker.

**Punctuation.**—When Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, wrote his famous book, entitled 'A Pikel for the Knowing Ones,' there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false doctrines abroad in the land regarding punctuation; and as many diverse systems appeared, for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, etc. as there were works published. To obviate this difficulty and to give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the ending of the book has printed four or

five pages of nothing but stops and pauses with which he said the reader could pepper his dish as he chose.

**Farmer and Store Keeper.**—A farmer, in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was lately complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing, from his thirty years labor. A neighboring store-keeper offered to explain to him the reason; and proceeded as follows:—'During the thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire.' On examination of the books of the store-keeper, his assertion was found correct. The farm was worth about \$5000.—*Nat. Philan.*

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1830.

### NEW AGENTS.

*New-York.*—Rush Youngs, W. Greenfield; E. Dunham Baker, Sandy-Hill; J. R. Bowers, P. M. Tuscarora; John J. Wagoner, Albany; Isaac Thompson, Kingston; Loring Dudley, M'Lean; John Power, Utica.

*Massachusetts.*—John B. Eldridge, Springfield; Mark Whitcomb, Winchendon.

*Vermont.*—A. Ralston, P. M. Bethel; Norman Thomas, Arlington.

*Connecticut.*—Samuel I. Hickox, Watertown.

*Rhode Island.*—B. H. Wheeler, P. M. Providence.

☞ We acknowledge, with pleasure, the receipt of one hundred and twenty-five new subscribers since our fourth number.

**The Students Miscellany.**—This is the title of a paper recently commenced at Cazenovia; the principal object of which, is the improvement of the Students of the Seminary of the Oneida and Genesee Conferences in composition, and to lay before the public such of their semi-annual addresses as may be deemed worthy of publication. The design of this periodical is praiseworthy and we wish it success.

**The Ladies' Museum.**—This miscellany we have hitherto neglected to notice; but as it is now just commencing a new volume, we would commend it to the notice of our readers as being both an interesting and instructive journal. It is published at Cincinnati, by J. T. Case, at \$2 50 per annum.

☞ Subscriptions for both of the above mentioned works received at this office.

### MARRIED,

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, William H. Averil, Esq. of Cooperstown, to Miss Jane A. M. Russel, of the former place.

At Ancram, on the 29th ult. by Gideon Sheldon, Esq. Mr. Joseph Decker to Miss Nancy M'Arthur.

### DIED,

In the city of New-York, on the 4th inst. Mr. Sidney Wilbur, eldest son of Solomon Wilbur, aged 24 years.

At the same place, on Saturday the 31st ult. William H. Coleman, Esq. one of the proprietors of the Evening Post, and son of its late editor.

At the same place, Mr. John T. Champlin, late President of the Farmer's Fire Insurance and Loan Company, formerly one of the most eminent merchants in New-York, under the firm of Miltum and Champlin.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### SONNETS.

#### MORNING.

'Tis morning—the fleecy clouds convolving,  
Hang lightly pendant in the eastern verge  
Of the blue vaulted heavens—like ocean's surge  
Before the sun's bright radiance all dissolving—  
Bright luminous and fair, uprising slow,  
Aurora spreads o'er mountain, hill and dale  
Her golden beams—all sparkling seem to glow  
With life and beauty—while the balmy gale,  
In all the new-born freshness of the risen day,  
Comes softly sighing thro' the sweetened air,  
Pregnant with health—nature looks bland yet gay,  
Revived and strengthened, beautiful and fair—  
Clad in her vestment of enticing charms,  
She wakes the soul the heart's best feeling warms.

#### NOON.

The sun hath reached the zenith—cooling shades,  
Yield quiet shelter from the sultry heat  
To peaceful herds—they eager turn their feet,  
Where the gurgling streams in gentle cascades,  
Whirl music'ly along thro' sylvan shades,  
To sip the cooling waters—all is still—  
Save the bland murmurs of the rippling rill,  
That slowly winds its course thro' flow'ry meads—  
As if 'tried nature' had her works suspended,  
Along the margin of yon shady grove  
All's motionless, not a leaf is seen to move—  
And on yonder burning, wide extended  
Plain, 'mute the vegetable kingdom lies,'  
As if 'twere prostrate never more to rise.

#### EVENING.

Evening! to thee, the muse shall coin a lay,  
For morn and noon has she alternate sung,  
And now the beauties of declining day,  
In symphonious numbers shall be rung—  
Nature again revives—the enlivening breeze,  
Comes gently nestling thro' the whispering trees—  
The close, pent air of noon again recedes,  
The herds again are sprinkled o'er the field,  
Luxuriant sweets again their odours yield,  
And once again are beautified the drooping meads,  
The sun hath set—thro' the dark sable shield  
Of night, appear the sparkling diamonds of the sky—  
Hush now my muse, here let thy labours close,  
Seek rest—if it be thy last, still be't thy last repose.

OSMAR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

How still the lapse of time!—Its silent wing,  
Is wafting us along with ceaseless flight,  
Unwearied in its course; and soon will bring  
Our journey to an end.—Then all the bright,  
And glowing hopes, and visionary schemes  
Of life, shall vanish like our midnight dreams.—  
All things are fleeting here.—The rush of years  
Sweeps o'er them, and where are they? nought on earth  
Can brave the mighty current.—Egypt rears  
Her pyramids in vain.—The scenes of mirth,  
Of power, and grandeur, olden time could boast,  
What are they now? A desert waste at most.—  
What are the joys of earth?—Mere passing gleams,  
That shed a flash of sunshine o'er the soul:  
But soon a cloud of sorrow intervenes,  
And turns the smile to sadness.—Troubles roll

Their sable folds, in darkness o'er the sky;  
And all our joys in wild disorder fly.—  
Can this dark world of trouble, and of strife,  
Yield ought to satisfy the freeborn mind?  
No:—nought but hope of an immortal life,  
Of pure and lasting happiness, can bind  
The olive wreath of peace, a garland fair,  
Around the furrowed brow, grooved by the hand of care.  
C.

## ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Anything.

PUZZLE II.—There are but three letters in *ten*, five in *eight*, four in *nine*, three in *six*, five in *score*, four in *baby*, and certainly less than twelve in a *dozen*.

### NEW PUZZLES.

#### I.

My parent bred me to the sea,  
I've been where never man could be;  
Long time I've ranged the ocean wide,  
And all the rage of storms defied.  
Tho' winds with utmost fury blew,  
And thunders roll'd and lightnings flew:  
Waves, winds, and thunders all in vain,  
Opposed my passage through the main.  
At length my parent died, and I  
On shore would needs my fortune try.  
I left the sea, grew fond of show,  
Dress'd neat, and soon became a beau.  
My body's taper, tall and straight,  
I chiefly dwell among the great;  
Am like a bridegroom clad in white,  
And much the ladies I delight;  
Attend when Chloe goes to rest;  
She's always by my presence blest;  
No ghost nor goblin can she fear,  
Nor midnight hag, if I am near.  
No more a seaman bold and rough,  
I shine at balls, am fond of snuff—  
And make a flaming figure there.  
At last a burning fever came,  
And quite dissolved my tender frame:  
I wasted fast, light headed grew,  
Of all my friends not one I knew;  
Great drops of sweat ran down my side,  
And I, alas! by inches died.

#### II.

In Protean forms I first imply  
What all must do ere they can die;  
Yet, metamorphos'd, I shall be  
What all who are to die should flee,  
Or, in my last disguise, behold  
Their character correctly told.

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